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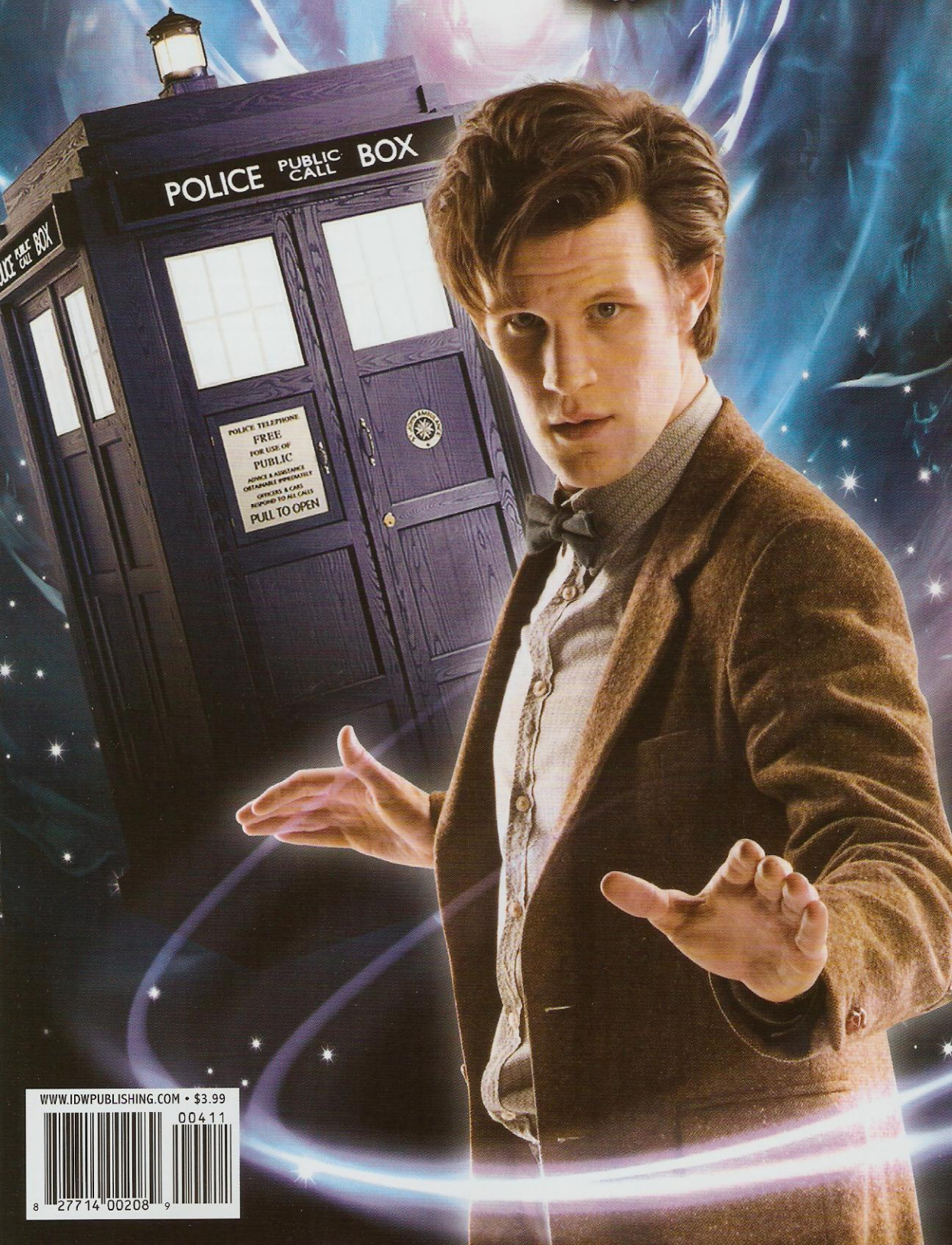
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DOCTOR **DW** WHO



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DOCTOR WHO

Ripper's Curse

Part 3 of 3

The story so far...

After arriving in Victorian London, the Doctor, Amy, and Rory had a run-in with Jack the Ripper! As Rory finds himself leading the case, the Doctor discovers that the Ripper is, in fact, a shape-changing, lizard-like alien! With another shape-changing alien impersonating the chief of police and with Inspector Charles Abberline on their side, the Doctor and his companions still manage to disrupt history. With time in flux and Amy now missing, the Doctor no longer knows what the future brings...

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Cover B
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WHITECHAPEL, 2011. A
'JACK THE RIPPER' WALK.

STEP CLOSER!
A FEW STEPS FROM
HERE, THE BODY OF
ANNIE CHAPMAN
WAS FOUND ON A
COLD, SEPTEMBER
NIGHT.

LITTLE DID THE
POLICE KNOW THAT
THIS WAS TO BE THE
START OF THE MOST
TERRIFYING CASE
OF THE 19TH
CENTURY...

WNOOP
WNOOP

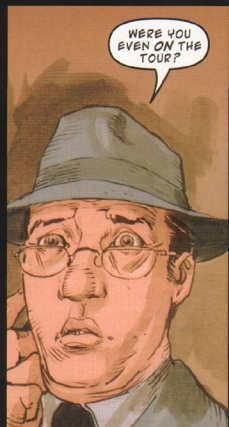
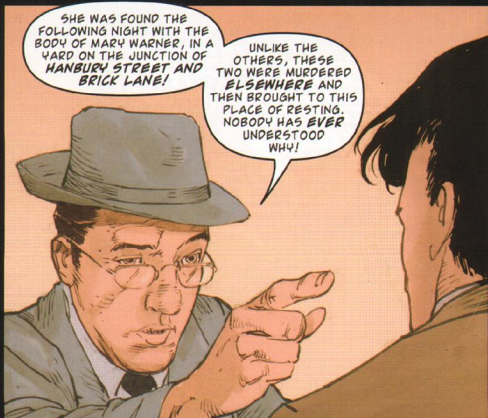
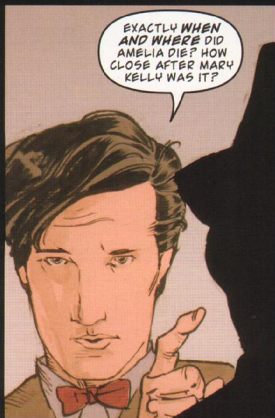
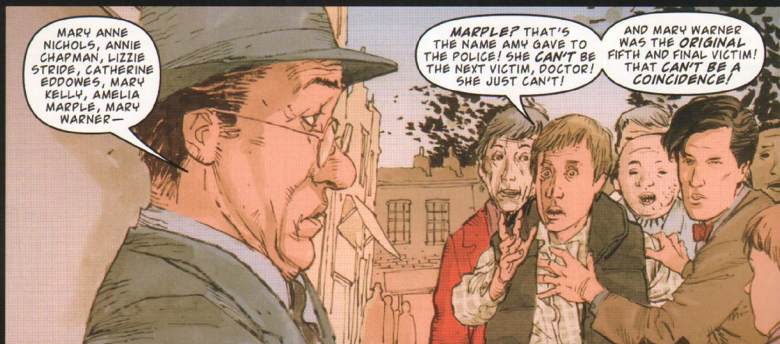
...THE CASE
OF SAUCY
JACK, BETTER
KNOWN AS JACK
THE RIPPER!

NOW, BEFORE WE
MAKE OUR WAY TO
POOR ANNIE'S PLACE
OF DISCOVERY, ARE
THERE ANY
QUESTIONS?

YES, HELLO.
I'VE GOT A
QUESTION... IN YOUR
OPINION, HOW MANY
RIPPER MURDERS ARE
CANON? FIVE?
SEVEN?

WELL, THIS IS
A QUESTION THAT
HAS PUZZLED
ACADEMICS FOR
DECADES!

PERSONALLY, I
BELIEVE IN THE
CANONICAL
TWELVE!





RIGHT, THEN. IF AMY WAS FOUND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, THAT MEANS SHE'S GOING TO BE MURDERED TONIGHT!

WHY TONIGHT? WHY NOT TOMORROW NIGHT? OR NEXT WEEK?

SERIOUSLY, WHY NOT JUST GO BACK TO THE PREVIOUS DAY AND STOP AMY FROM EVEN LEAVING THE TARDIS?



OR—HERE'S AN IDEA—WHY NOT GO BACK TO LAST WEEK AND TELL US NOT TO EVEN COME HERE?

CAUSE AND EFFECT, RORY. YOU KNOW HOW IT WORKS. LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED WITH MARY KELLY!

WE'RE PART OF HISTORY NOW. IT HAS TO HAPPEN—



IT'S AMY, DOCTOR!

IT'S AMY!



I KNOW. AND I WANT HER BACK JUST AS MUCH AS YOU DO.

BUT WE ONLY HAVE A FINITE AMOUNT OF TIME UNTIL THE UNIVERSE ACCEPTS THIS REVISED RIPPER LIST AS THE NORMAL WAY OF THINGS.



NORMAL WAY OF THINGS?

MARY KELLY WASN'T SUPPOSED TO DIE. NOW SHE HAS. THE UNIVERSE COMPENSATES.

AND WHILE IT DOES, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SLIP AMY THROUGH THE CRACKS...

'...AND WE MIGHT BE
ABLE TO STOP THE
RIPPER FOR GOOD!'

AN UNKNOWN CELLAR,
WHITECHAPEL.

MMPH!

PHNAA!
GAH, THAT
RAG TASTED
HORRIBLE!

IT WAS A
NECESSARY
EVIL, MISS
MARPLE.

YOU! I'D HOPED
I WAS HAVING A
NIGHTMARE!

OH, YOU ARE.
AND YOU WILL BE
MORESO—I HAVE A SCORE
TO SETTLE WITH YOUR
DOCTOR.

I'LL LEAVE YOUR
BROKEN BODY FOR HIM
TO FIND, AND THEN I'LL
TAKE HIS TIME
CRAFT!

ARE YOU SCARED
YET? MMM, SMELL
THOSE PHEROMONES. YOU
SMELL SO GOOD I COULD
JUST EAT YOU.

LATER,
PERHAPS.
WITH HER...

...THE WOMAN
YOU SPOKE WITH
IN THE TEN
BELLS.

THE WOMAN
YOU TOLD TO
RUN FROM
ME.



WHY'S SHE NOT MOVING? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER?

THE SAME AS I ONCE DID TO YOU— SHE HAS THE NERVE AGENT RUNNING THROUGH HER BODY, PARALYSING HER.

HOWEVER, YOUR BODY SHAKES OFF THE TOXINS FASTER THAN EXPECTED, AND I DARE NOT OVERDOSE YOUR SYSTEM...



...FOR I WANT YOU TO FEEL EVERYTHING I DO TO YOU. I WANT YOU TO BE TERRIFIED BEYOND MORTAL COMPREHENSION.

YOU WILL BE MY TASTIEST MEAT EVER, AND THE DOCTOR WILL KNOW.



CONTEMPLATE YOUR FATE. IT WILL SCARE YOU MORE, AND THAT PLEASES ME.

I WILL BE BACK TONIGHT.



MARV! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? CAN YOU MOVE? CAN YOU HEAR ME?

I CAN SPEAK, BUT I CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE BELOW MY NECK!

IT'S THE RIPPER, ISN'T IT? WHAT MANNER OF DEMON IS IT? WE'RE GOING TO DIE, AREN'T WE?!



DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE PARALYSED, BUT I'M JUST TIED DOWN. ALL I NEED TO DO IS BREAK FREE AND I CAN CARRY YOU OUT OF HERE!

WE HAVE UNTIL DARK, AND MY FRIENDS ARE HUNTING FOR US AS I SPEAK!

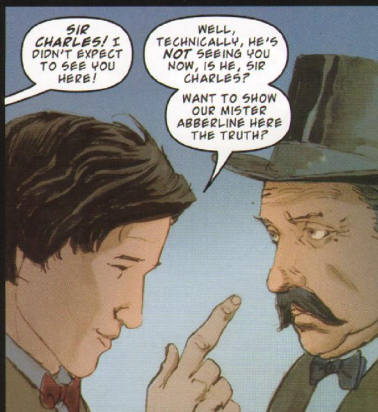
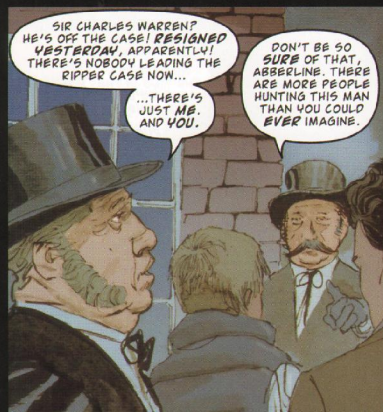
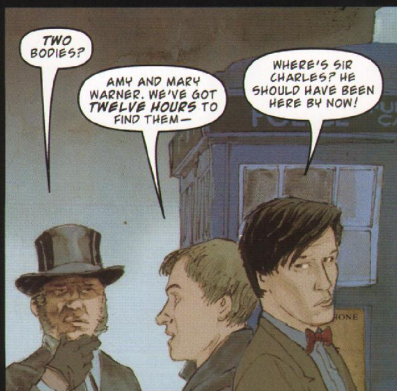
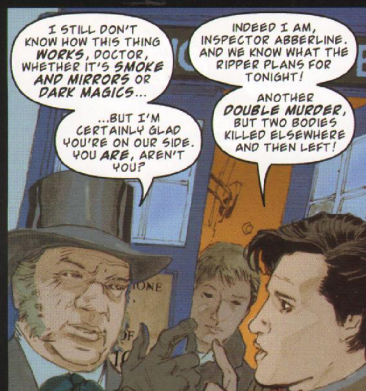


WE HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD. WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE.

TRUST ME.

SPIITALFIELDS, LONDON.

WOWP
WOWP

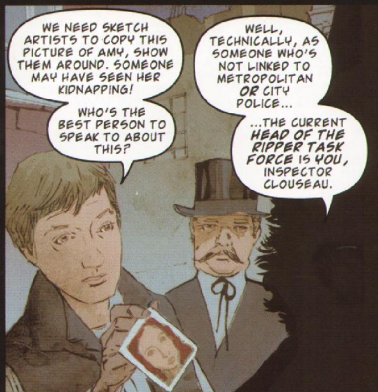




GOOD GOD!

THE REAL SIR CHARLES WARREN IS SOMEWHERE SAFE UNTIL THE RIPPER IS CAUGHT.

ONCE I HAVE HIM, WE WILL RETURN TO MY HOMEWORLD, WHERE HE'LL STAND TRIAL FOR THESE AND MANY OTHER WAR CRIMES.



WE NEED SKETCH ARTISTS TO COPY THIS PICTURE OF AMY, SHOW THEM AROUND. SOMEONE MAY HAVE SEEN HER KIDNAPPING!

WHO'S THE BEST PERSON TO SPEAK TO ABOUT THIS?

WELL, TECHNICALLY, AS SOMEONE WHO'S NOT LINKED TO METROPOLITAN OR CITY POLICE...

...THE CURRENT HEAD OF THE RIPPER TASK FORCE IS YOU, INSPECTOR CLOUSEAU.

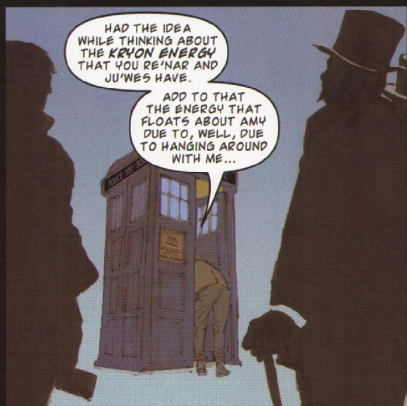


ME? WELL. WELL THEN. YES.

I'D LIKE THIS PICTURE COPIED THEN.

WELL DONE! ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU. QUITE A PROMOTION!

NOW, EVERYONE STAY HERE FOR A MOMENT, I HAVE SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HELP.



HAD THE IDEA WHILE THINKING ABOUT THE KRYON ENERGY THAT YOU RE'NAR AND JU'VES HAVE.

ADD TO THAT THE ENERGY THAT FLOATS ABOUT AMY DUE TO, WELL, DUE TO HANGING AROUND WITH ME...



...AND SO I CREATED THIS. THE PATENTED PEOPLE-FINDER-UPPER-TRACKER THING.

NOT A GREAT NAME, BUT EARLY DAYS. COME ON!

LET'S FIND US A RIPPER!

WHITECHAPEL. DUSK.

AAIIIEEEEE!

I CAN'T
TAKE IT ANY
MORE!

HELP! HELP
ME! I CAN'T
MOVE!



WILL YOU
SHUT UP?! OR DO
I HAVE TO USE
MORE NERVE
AGENT?



I'LL
TEAR OUT
YOUR—

CRAZ

—ARGH!



YOU SHOULD
HAVE PARALYSED
ME, TOO! NOW, TELL
US HOW TO GET
OUT OF HERE!

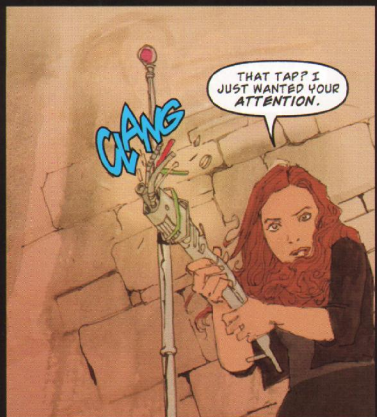
FOOLISH HUMAN! TO
THINK THAT A BLOW FROM
A LUMP OF METAL
WOULD DO MORE THAN
KNOCK ME DOWN!

I'LL EAT
YOUR SPINE
FOR THAT!

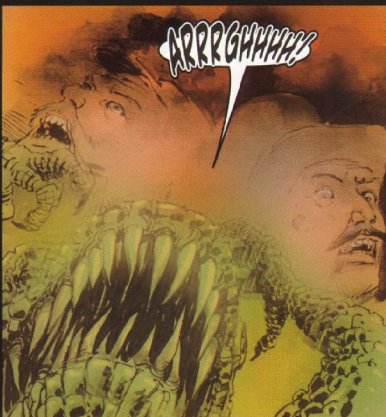


CRANG

THAT TAP? I
JUST WANTED YOUR
ATTENTION.



ARRRGHHHHH!





ELSEWHERE IN
WHITECHAPEL.

EXCUSE ME,
HAVE YOU SEEN
THIS GIRL?
NO? THANKS
ANYWAY.



IT'S ALMOST
NIGHTTIME! WE'VE
GOT TO FIND HER,
DOCTOR!

THEY HAVE
TO BE AROUND
HERE! THE RIPPER
ISN'T GOING TO
DRAG TWO DEAD
BODIES FAR
THROUGH
LONDON—

—AH.
SORRY ABOUT
THE 'DEAD
BODIES' BIT.



INSPECTOR
CLOUSEAU!

THIS MAN THINKS HE'S
SEEN MISS MARPLE!
FINCH STREET, OFF
BRICK LANE!



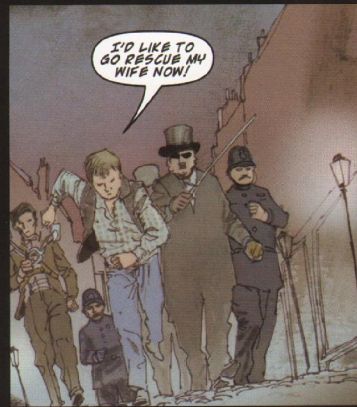
THAT'S NORTH
OF HERE. LET ME
ADJUST THE DIAL,
SPIN THE COGS...

YES! THERE'S
DEFINITELY SOME
KRYON RADIATION
THAT WAY!

THEN
WHAT ARE
WE WAITING
FOR?



I'D LIKE TO
GO RESCUE MY
WIFE NOW!





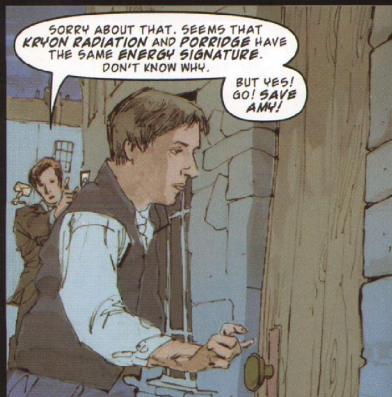




THERE! THAT HOUSE HAS A MASSIVE AMOUNT OF KRYON RADIATION! HE MUST HAVE PARTS OF HIS SHIP THERE!

ARE YOU SURE? THIS IS THE THIRD HOUSE YOU'VE SAID THAT ABOUT!

MY FACE IS STILL STINGING FROM THE SLAP THAT HOUSEMAID GAVE ME WHEN WE BASHED THE LAST DOOR IN!



SORRY ABOUT THAT. SEEMS THAT KRYON RADIATION AND PORRIDGE HAVE THE SAME ENERGY SIGNATURE. DON'T KNOW WHY.

BUT YES! GO! SAVE AMY!

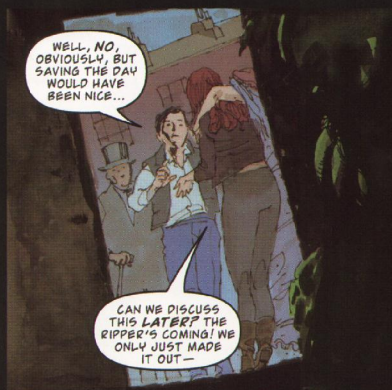


AMY! YOU ESCAPED!

OH. I WAS GOING TO RESCUE YOU.

RORY! THANK GOODNESS!

WAIT, YOU'RE ANNOYED THAT I DIDN'T NEED YOUR HELP?



WELL, NO, OBVIOUSLY, BUT SAVING THE DAY WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE...

CAN WE DISCUSS THIS LATER? THE RIPPER'S COMING! WE ONLY JUST MADE IT OUT—



—OH DEAR.



GET DOWN!

RAARGH



THERE.
YOU SAVED
ME. ARE YOU
HAPPY NOW?



GIVE IT UP,
MAC'ATYDE!
IT'S OVER!

I'M HERE TO
TAKE YOU BACK
BEFORE YOU
KILL AGAIN!

TAKE ME BACK!
AND HOW DO YOU
PLAN TO DO THAT?
WE'RE HUNDREDS
OF YEARS BEFORE
THE WAR!

WAIT, YOU'VE
SIDED WITH THE
TIME LORD! YOU'LL
USE HIS DEVICE TO
COUNTERACT
MINE!



YOUR DEVICE?
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN?

HAHA! TYPICAL—
SO STUPID! IT WASN'T
A FREAK TEMPORAL EDDY
THAT SENT US HERE! I
CREATED A TIME PORTAL,
AND I INTEND TO OPEN
IT AGAIN!

ALL OF LONDON WILL
BE SUCKED THROUGH
INTO DEAD SPACE! THE
MOST TERRIFYING THING
EVER, AND THE JUVIES
WILL BE BLAMED!

THE RE'NAR
WILL WIN BEFORE
THE WAR EVEN
STARTS!

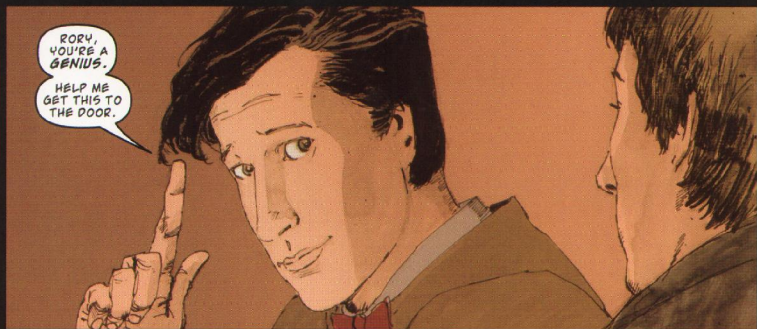
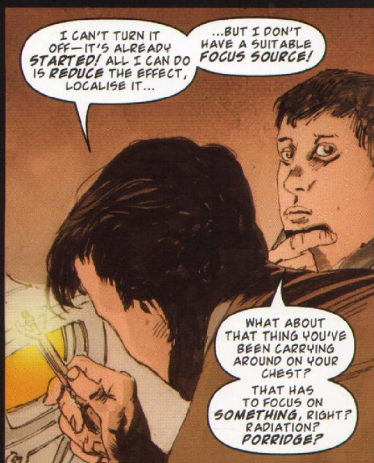


DOCTOR—

COME ON,
RORY.

BIG PORTAL
OF DOOM.
SOMEWHERE IN
THIS HOUSE.
ON IT.

DOCTOR!
THE
CELLAR!





YOU! I WILL KILL YOU! YOU RUINED EVERYTHING!



IF YOU DON'T MIND, MISS MARPLE, PLEASE STEP BACK.

BIAM
BIAM



PNG

PNG

A POPGUN? YOU THINK THAT WILL STOP ME?



BOTHERATION.

IF I WASN'T GOING TO KILL AND EAT YOU, I'D APPLAUD YOU—



WHAM

NO MORE KILLING!





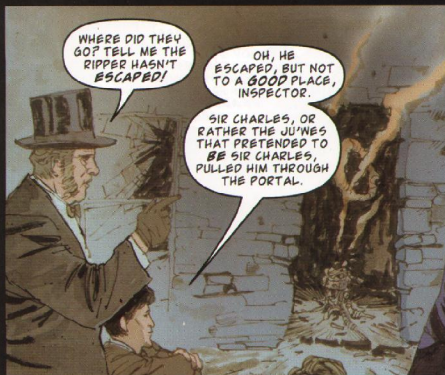
KRA-KOOM



WHERE DID THEY GO? TELL ME THE RIPPER HASN'T ESCAPED!

OH, HE ESCAPED, BUT NOT TO A GOOD PLACE, INSPECTOR.

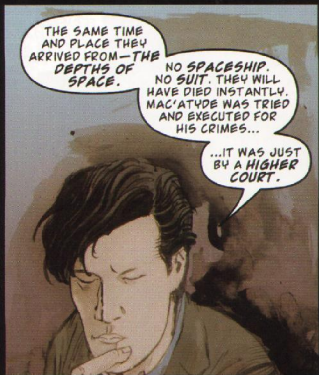
SIR CHARLES, OR RATHER THE JUVENES THAT PRETENDED TO BE SIR CHARLES, PULLED HIM THROUGH THE PORTAL.



THE SAME TIME AND PLACE THEY ARRIVED FROM—THE DEPTHS OF SPACE.

NO SPACESHIP. NO SUIT. THEY WILL HAVE DIED INSTANTLY. MAC'ATVOE WAS TRIED AND EXECUTED FOR HIS CRIMES...

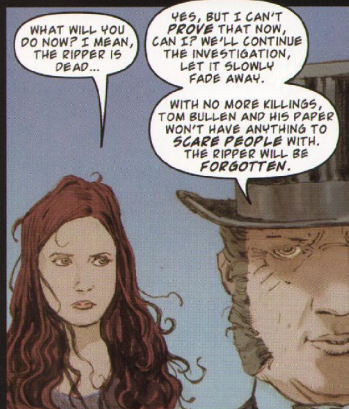
...IT WAS JUST BY A HIGHER COURT.



WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW? I MEAN, THE RIPPER IS DEAD...

YES, BUT I CAN'T PROVE THAT NOW, CAN I? WE'LL CONTINUE THE INVESTIGATION, LET IT SLOWLY FADE AWAY.

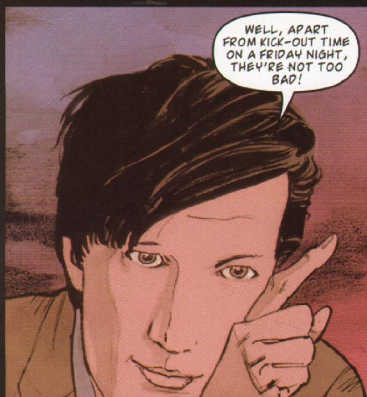
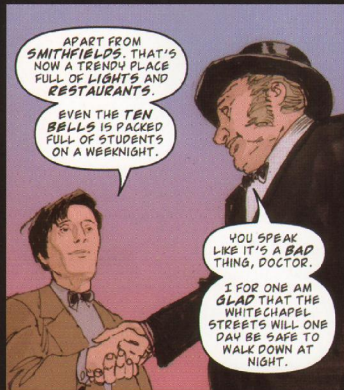
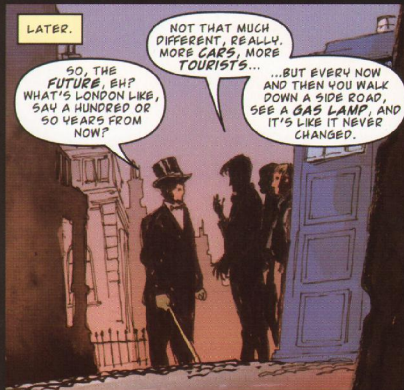
WITH NO MORE KILLINGS, TOM BULLEN AND HIS PAPER WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SCARE PEOPLE WITH. THE RIPPER WILL BE FORGOTTEN.



OH, IT'LL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN, INSPECTOR ABBERLINE...

...BECAUSE IT CAN NEVER BE EXPLAINED.





WHITECHAPEL. MODERN DAY.

THERE'S NOTHING
IN HERE ABOUT ME OR
YOU, RORY. HISTORY
SEEMS TO HAVE
FORGOTTEN US!



THAT'S FINE BY
ME. I NEVER WAS
ONE FOR THE
LIMELIGHT.

WELL, APART FROM
HAVING AN EXHIBIT AT
THE NATIONAL
MUSEUM DEDICATED
TO YOU.

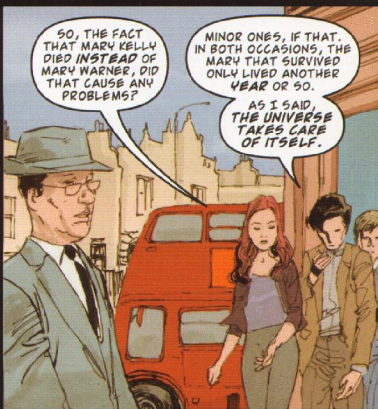
THAT
DOESN'T
COUNT.



SO, THE FACT
THAT MARY KELLY
DIED **INSTEAD** OF
MARY WARNER, DID
THAT CAUSE ANY
PROBLEMS?

MINOR ONES, IF THAT.
IN BOTH OCCASIONS, THE
MARY THAT SURVIVED
ONLY LIVED ANOTHER
YEAR OR SO.

AS I SAID,
THE UNIVERSE
TAKES CARE
OF ITSELF.



YOU
WERE **WRONG**.
CANONICAL
TWELVE
INDEED!

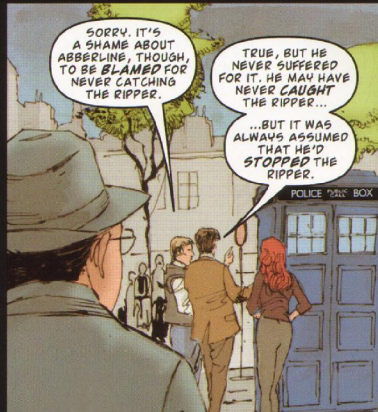
NOW, NOW,
RORY, NO MAKING
FUN OF PEOPLE WHO
DON'T REMEMBER
THE OTHER
TIMELINE.



SORRY. IT'S
A SHAME ABOUT
ABBEELINE, THOUGH,
TO BE **BLAMED** FOR
NEVER CATCHING
THE RIPPER.

TRUE, BUT HE
NEVER SUFFERED
FOR IT. HE MAY HAVE
NEVER **CAUGHT**
THE RIPPER...

...BUT IT WAS
ALWAYS ASSUMED
THAT HE'D
STOPPED THE
RIPPER.



'AND THAT WAS GOOD
ENOUGH FOR LONDON.'

VNORP
VNORP

POLICE OFFICE

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

FREE
PHONE
PUBLIC
DIAL TO OPEN

RIPPER TOURS

DAILY AT 7PM!
LEARN THE
HORRIFYING
TRUTH ABOUT
JACK THE RIPPER!



NEXT: 'THEY THINK IT'S ALL OVER!'

A Fairytale Life

FANTASY vs. REALITY.
And a damsel in distress!

Written by
Matt Sturges,

Eisner Award-nominated
writer of *Jack of Fables*!

Covers by
Mark Buckingham,
of *Miracleman* and
Fables fame!

Art by
Kelly Yates,

of fan favorite
Doctor Who: The Forgotten!

DOCTOR WHO

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